

UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



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Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

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Editorials.

THE LAW LECTURES.

There remain two only of these courses which we have not criticised. We trust that the spirit in which our criticisms have been conducted has commended them to all fair-minded men. We have endeavored to do our duty independent of all side issues raised by prejudice and short-sighted, selfish motives, and having faith in McGill are willing to be judged by the course of her future development. The two courses not yet discussed are those put down in the

calendar under *Civil and Commercial Law* and *Civil Procedure*.

The first of these courses deals with a branch of legal study of vast importance; it embraces questions which no student of law can afford to examine carelessly, but upon which he must bestow careful, thinking work. His knowledge of commercial law will, in a community such as ours, form the chief part of his stock-in-trade when admitted to practice. How is this subject treated at McGill? In beginning this series of articles we complained that actual teaching was not done. Some professors, and apparently the present race of students, seem to have come to the conclusion that *teaching* belongs only to the ordinary school; that it is much too humble to engage the attention of college professors and college students. It would appear that the proper thing in a college is for the professor to lecture—that is, to roll off sublime truths of law in involved sentences, and not to display the slightest disposition to descend to details or explanation, and that the student's duty is to listen listlessly in certain positions known to the initiated, but never to become either curious or inquisitive. Now, all this may look very well to the uninitiated, and may, perhaps, contribute to the good opinion both professors and students entertain of themselves; but it don't pay.

To return, however, to the course of lectures under discussion. The lecturer is, *par example*, a student, and besides eminently conscientious in his work; he is a clear thinker; he reads many authors upon his subject and digests them all; his lectures consist of a fairly well arranged enumeration of principles and opinions arranged with no regard whatever as to narration, but which follow each other with monotonous exactness, leaving the whole connexity of the subject to be filled in by the hearer. These lectures are read off, to put it mildly, at a very rapid rate, and the student who tries to take them down has not time to exercise thought on the subject matter at all, but is puffing through a shower of words that, for the time being, convey about as much meaning as would the same quantity of *Sanscrit*. There is scarcely a sentence in these lectures which is not pregnant with some principle of law. Were the course printed and put in the hands of the students it would be invaluable to them. We know of no better arranged or

more exact summary of principles of the subjects treated than is this course.

Where, then, is the difficulty? In this, as we have already intimated: Here is a professor endeavoring to give off in a very limited number of lectures, not the outlines of a subject, but a full, though admirably condensed exposition of the whole subject under consideration. There are two methods by which the evil may be cured, either of which would make this course an excellent one. The first we have already suggested: it is to have the course of lectures printed and placed in the hands of the students. The time allotted for the lecture might then be profitably employed in explaining difficulties and in applying principles. There would be no danger of the course growing old in the hands of the present lecturer, who, doubtless, would encounter little difficulty in engrafting into the course such changes as later legislation and decisions of the court might introduce.

There is yet another remedy, which, however, in view of recent events and arguments we refer to with some diffidence. It would be, nevertheless, an effectual and a sure cure for the trouble complained of in such a course as this: it is give *more lectures*.

We shall be obliged to defer the discussion of *Civil Procedure* to another issue.

A NEW LAW PROFESSOR.

The vacancy created in the teaching staff of the law school by the death of the late Dr. Kerr is, we understand, about to be filled by the appointment of Mr. Arch. McGoun, jun., B.A. '76 and B. C. L. '78. It is not yet decided what chair the new professor will take, but it is probable that there will be a redistribution. We are of opinion that no more wise choice could have been made. Mr. McGoun is a young man, earnest and painstaking in everything he undertakes. Being a young man, his professional duties are not so burdensome as to prevent him from devoting a good share of his time to the work of the college. He is fond of study, and we should say, of literary pursuits.

At the last election of Representative Fellows we considered it our duty to oppose Mr. McGoun, who was a candidate for that position. In view of the position of affairs at Corporation, we are still of opinion that we acted for the best in that opposition, and are just as strongly of the opinion now that there is not an available man among our law graduates who will fill a professor's chair with more benefit to the school itself, with more advantage to its students, or with more acceptance to the graduates at large.

We heartily congratulate Mr. McGoun upon the honor of being selected for this position, and the school

upon securing the services of one of its graduates who is so admirably fitted for the position.

A WORD OF WELCOME.

It may not be generally known that another institution for the higher education of young women has requested and obtained permission to become one of the sisterhood of Colleges, which cluster around our Alma Mater.

We refer to the Trafalgar Institute, Simpson street, Montreal.

With a competent staff, it is the intention of this school to give a thorough practical education, up to the standard of University matriculation.

The GAZETTE has great pleasure in wishing it every success, and with a board of trustees, among whom are numbered Sir Donald A. Smith and Sir W. Dawson, and with such a proficient principal as Miss Grace Fairley, M.A., Edinburgh, there is every reason to hope for success.

Poetry.

DESCARTES AND HUXLEY.

The breath of summer stirred her hair,
And swept a tress athwart his cheek,
And as his warm blood met it there
He had it in his heart to speak,
For something in the soft caress
Of that gold ringlet unconfined,
Filled him with longing to possess,
And whispered that the maid was kind.

An open book lay on her knee,
And both its pages closely scanned.
It was no ornate poesy,
No novel from a master hand;
'Twas full of scientific lore
And unto strange conclusions led,
The book that they were leaning o'er,
The youth and maiden, head to head.

She read: "Brute animals are mere
Machines, devoid of consciousness,
They do not love, nor hate, nor fear,
Experience pleasure nor distress;
And man; no more than this is he:
Let him not boast his intellect;
In thought, in act he is not free,—
External forces him direct."

She closed the book and veiled her eyes,
Soft lashes wooed each downy cheek.
He gazed and thought: "In Paradise
Surely the sprites a truant seek."
Then spake the maiden dreamily
And asked: "Can these stern words be true?
Are we automata, or free,
Or good or bad to know and do?"

Swiftly he answered—still the tress
Against his cheek, they sat so near,—
"What others are, we can but guess,
But, with ourselves, the truth is clear.
The love for thee within my heart,
The joy I know when thou art nigh,
Are not a paltry, force-routed part
Of some complex machinery.

"The love of mother for her child,
The creed of an eternal soul,
How can such things be reconciled
With credence in mere force-control?
What force external to the mind
Can cause sublime self-sacrifice?
Ah, no! methinks that human kind
Is not some well-made, dead device.

"And yet"—the tress against his cheek
 Made his once timid heart grow bold—
 "Even at this moment, as I speak,
 I am by beauty's force controlled.
 A mere automaton am I,
 Obedient to Dame Nature's laws.
 And if I kiss thee thus, dear, why,
 Thou must not blame me, but the cause."

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIHIL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

There was not a house for miles around, except that of the hunter. It stood on a bluff, at whose base a little trout stream wound its crystal way. On the other side of the stream the forest swallowed up cultivation, and every year crept downwards to the stream by means of its underbrush. Bears and deer were the large game in the wood, partridges made their home in the intervalles, and in the spring and autumn the rank grasses of the marshes hid the duck. On the way to the lakes there were two such marshes, that in olden times the beavers had turned into lily-gemmed ponds, and in commemoration of this the two were known to hunters as the Beaver Meadows.

Not that the name was much used, for few, indeed, were the men whose feet had echoed on the banks of the lakes, or whose paddle had stirred the waters thereof.

After the meadows are crossed, there is a declivity of some height which, when surmounted, introduces the traveller to a wild and rocky scene, with a stream gurgling through it; and if he follow this stream, he will at last find himself standing by an arm of the largest of the lakes, the spruces bending above his head, and, perhaps, hiding the crested king-bird or the loon, as it pipes its doleful cry. If he launch his canoe and take a few strokes with his paddle, he will find himself floating upon the cloud-reflecting bosom of Bow Lake, the forest-plumed hills standing guard around its sleep, and the eternal sky its canopy.

It was to this lake that Peter, Harry, and Charley were going, with Tom for guide, that May morning.

Long before the meadows were reached, Charley and Harry were tired of their bundles. Early in the march Charley, who had brought a magnificent rifle, "in case there was any game," had "chummed up," as he called it, with Tom. The hunter had examined the weapon with evident pleasure, but expressed surprise that Charley should take it with him on an excursion at that time of the year.

"Oh! well," said Charley, "we can fire at bottles, if we can't do anything else."

"Do you know?—where are you going to get the bottles?" asked Tom, quickly, with a tone of surprise and alarm in his voice.

"Ho! ho!" said Peter; "none of that, Tom. I thought you had given up touching the flowing bowl?"

Tom laughed till his sides shook at this witticism, and Harry, laughing at Tom, and not watching where he was going, caught his foot in a log and tumbled headlong, scattering pots and pans and blankets, in wild confusion, over the ground. He picked himself up and sat down on the log, looking disconsolately about him. Then he heaved a sigh.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've got the bundles off my shoulders for a few minutes. Whew! how that strap cut me!"

The providential halt was not objected to by the others. Charley slipped his burdens from his shoulders, cocked his gun and looked around, while Peter, throwing himself at full length—and a good long length it was—on the ground, lit a cigarette, and stared at the sky through the interlacing boughs. Tom was busy cutting a plug of tobacco and ramming it into a black pipe, with blacker fingers. He had had the heaviest burden of all—a Rice Lake canoe—but his sturdy frame had scarcely bent under it.

After a few minutes' rest the march was resumed, and after floundering through the meadows, up the hill, and down the valley by the gurgling brook, the party arrived at the bay previously alluded to. The canoe was a large one, capable of containing four, but it was not deemed advisable to put the baggage in; so it was left upon the shore, to be taken to the camp when the site should have been selected.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the party reached the lake, and twelve before the camp was in proper order. As soon as the last peg of the tent had been driven, Charley carefully unpacked a hand valise he had brought with him, and produced a looking-glass, a comb and brush, a cake of perfumed soap, and a towel. With these in his hand he made his way to the brink of the water, and proceeded to wash the dust of travel from his face and hands.

Peter and Harry looked at one another. They could forgive the soap and towel, but when Charley carefully wet his hair, parted and combed it, looking meanwhile in the glass to satisfy himself as to the success of his labor, they burst out laughing.

"Did your sisters pack that valise for you?" asked Harry.

"Never you mind my sisters," responded Charley. "I believe a fellow should look just as well for his own sake as for anybody else's."

"Say, Tom, don't you want to comb your hair?"

Tom laughed, and peeped at himself in the mirror. It would have needed a buck-saw to comb the tangles out of his hair.

All day long the party fished from the boat and the shore. The author was not one of the party, and does not feel called upon to lie for them; they caught under a dozen fish, but all large. In the evening, somewhat disgusted, they sat about the fire—for the cold of winter was not yet driven from the woods—smoking their pipes and spinning yarns. Tom, who had got his bark canoe from its quarters, called out to Charley as he approached the shore, telling him if he wanted to see a good place for ducks, to get in the

canoe. Charley eagerly did so when Tom came ashore, and the two disappeared from the sight of their lazier companions.

Tom was fidgetty. He talked upon all kinds of subjects, always working round to Charley's rifle in the end.

"Did you see anything to shoot yet, Mister Charles?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Did you bring any bottles with you to shoot at?"

"There are none in the boat, if that's what you mean," said Charley, somewhat angrily, for he thought Tom was quizzing him. "But I think we shall find all the game we want."

This was bravado, but its effect upon Tom was curious. He stopped paddling and leaned forward, looking Charley full in the face. After a close scrutiny, he said—

"You'll be a friend of Peter's, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Charley, his curiosity aroused.

"Did he come here after land game?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"The brute," thought Charley; "he knows there's game here, and yet is so precious stingy he doesn't want to give any fellow a chance." Aloud, he said—"Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Tom, gravely, "some bottles is uncommonly hard to break, and they cut the fingers sometimes."

"Why the mischief do you always talk about bottles?" asked Charley. "If it's a drink you want, come ashore with me and you shall have it."

Tom pulled ashore with alacrity, and Charley was true to his promise. Then Tom made known his intention of going home. As he paddled away into the darkness, he called out—

"I wouldn't go to the far lake, gentlemen; there's no fishin' nor shootin' there."

Merrily blazed the fire around which the young men lay, and the waters of the lake leapt ruddily in the circle of its light. Beyond this circle the darkness was intense, and seemed to have silenced even the chatter-box leaves. There was something painful in the stillness, till all at once Harry broke out into a merry song, that echoed and re-echoed from forest and hill. The others joined in, and for the first time, perhaps, the slumber of the lake was disturbed by a college glee.

They sang until they were hoarse, and then resumed their smoking. Pretty soon Charley looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock.

"Look here, boys," he said, "the mosquitoes have found us out, and it's late. I vote we make a smudge in the tent, and then go to sleep. We've to be up at five."

So said, so done. The tent was cleared of mosquitoes, and the boys retired.

Charley, the first to suggest sleeping, did not go to sleep. A strange nervousness, in no way associated with fear, had come over him, and he could not sleep. Hour after hour he tossed and rolled about in his blanket, thinking of Tom and all kinds of things: What did Tom mean by talking of bottles so much? And why did he seem so anxious to protect the game?

Surely there was enough for all! How kind of him to tell them to keep away from the far lake. These and other thoughts occupied his mind until he tired of the tent, and feeling cold, determined to go outside and replenish the fire which, he could see, was down to the embers.

"Phew!" he said, as he stepped outside, "'tis a nipping and an eager air,' as Shakespeare has it. Poor Shakespeare! 1906 ways of spelling his name! What a chance for forgers!"

He could find no brushwood in the immediate neighborhood of the camp, so he wandered off a short distance in search of some. As he was returning he heard through the silence, or thought he heard, a voice far out on the water. Dropping his bundle, he listened.

There were several voices, and one seemed familiar. They were not loud, but the intense stillness and the uniform humidity of the air over the lake, assisted in making them heard farther than would have been possible under ordinary circumstances.

"Bottles again, by all that's glorious!" he said to himself, as he listened. "Am I a 'samnombulist,' or am I in a bottling factory?"

"I tell yer," the familiar voice said, "they've found ye out. They're always talking of bottles, bottles, bottles, and game! Whoever heard of game here in May?"

"Thank you," said Charley, "that's one for me."

"And then," continued the distant speaker, "if ever I say bottle, they say whiskey."

"Snip and snap," said Charley.

"Who the devil are they?" asked another voice.

"Peter Simson and two college fellers."

"Simson! D——n you, why didn't you tell me that before? Row me ashore to him. Row me ashore, I say!"

The voice was loud and angry, and, though the boat was evidently getting farther away, rose higher than any of the others—

"Come, give me a paddle," it continued. "I've an account to settle with him, and there's no better place in the world for the reckoning than this."

Here a third voice interposed, and, though Charley could not catch all the words, it seemed to be trying to calm the last speaker. The voices sunk very low after that, and Charley could not comprehend any of them. He hurried back to camp with his firewood, and piled it upon the fire until the flames leapt high, and the scene for yards around was as bright as day.

He looked across the waters, but there was no sign of a boat there, so he concluded that it had continued on its way. At the same time he kept a strict watch and a roaring fire. He did not waken his companions, for he wanted to think the matter over alone first. He thought and thought, and thought so deeply that he fell asleep, and only woke when he heard Peter's merry voice in his ears, calling on him to wake up, as it was breakfast time, and the sun about to rise.

The young men fished all morning without any very great success, and in the afternoon Harry said they had better explore the far lake in spite of Tom's advice. Charley did not oppose the suggestion, as he was curious to know something more of the mysterious

voices, and suspected that the excursion would help him to do so.

"For goodness sake, leave that rifle behind!" said Peter, as Charley was putting the weapon in the boat.

"Say, Charley," called Harry from where he was fishing, "I've baited my hook with a piece of your soap; you don't mind, do you?"

Charley paid no attention to either, though, when Peter suggested trolling the hair-brush behind the canoe, he did say something not polite. He sat in the canoe with the gun between his knees, looking eagerly forward among the trees that lined the shores. Suddenly he cried—

"Hush! back-water! I see a crow, I think, in the trees on that point."

Peter laughed, as Charley blazed away, at about three hundred yards' range, at an inoffensive king-bird, which, strange to say, did not move. Charley grew excited, and fired again as the boat drew nearer, with the same result. Finally, he demanded to be put ashore, and, when landed, crawled immediately under the tree on which the bird sat, and, taking careful aim, fired at it. The bird sat still, and he got down on one knee, and rested his arm on the other, and, at a distance of about five yards from the bird, fired for the fourth time. The bird had awakened to the knowledge that Charley was trying to kill it, and flew leisurely away.

"Confound you," shouted Charley after it, "if you come back I'll blow your brains out!"

A roar of laughter from his companions greeted this remark, and recognizing the absurdity of his threat, after his futile efforts to kill the bird, Charley laughed also.

After dexterous paddling through a series of rapids, the canoeists emerged into a second narrower and smaller, lake which they traversed swiftly, and then the third, or highest, lake lay spread out before them, with a number of islands in the middle of it.

They got out their rods and fished for some time in vain. Then Harry suggested trolling, which they adopted with better success. They paddled among the islands and along the main shores, under the shaggy trees, until they had well-nigh investigated every corner of the lake. At one place they came across a creek, or rather a stream, of considerable size, and, landing, got out their rods for a little trout fishing. They followed the stream up for several hundred yards, when Charley, who was ahead, fired his gun.

"I got something that time," he said, as a little creature of some sort scrambled through the bushes, with him in pursuit, followed by the others.

"By Jove, boys, it's a dog," said Charley, bending over the body of the dying animal. "There must be an owner somewhere about."

"Hello!" shouted Harry, "is there anyone about?"

There was no answer, so the party began exploring the district, and soon stumbled upon a rude "caban" of logs. The door was locked, but they looked through the cracks and saw a number of utensils, among them a "worm" condenser.

"Hurrah!" said Charley, "there are my bottles at last."

So they were. The floor was littered with them.

"Is this a sugaring house?" he asked; "and why didn't Tom bring us here? It's better quarters than the tent."

"It's a still," replied Peter, "and Tom did not want us to know about it. That accounts for his anxiety about bottles, and his advice that there was no fishing in this lake."

"And accounts for the voices I heard last night," added Charley.

"Voices! What voices?" said his companions.

So he told them of what he had heard the night before. When he got to the part where the grudge against Peter was declared, Peter started up.

"Who could it have been?" he asked. And then he stopped. His own heart told him. There could be only one man living who could feel so incensed against him, and that was Bolton Tilton. And yet to be angry, Bolton must have been told of his conduct, probably Lizzie's version of it.

They broke open the door, and thoroughly investigated the place. A deliberation as to what should be done with the still, resulted in a compromise between leaving it alone and telling the authorities, and it was broken by themselves. While Peter was lifting an old coat from a bench a few letters dropped from it, which he looked at before replacing them. One caught his attention. It was in a scrawly hand, and ill-constructed. He glanced over it rapidly. It was dated several months back, and was from Hal Tilton. After giving a short account of the progress of the now defunct company, it had a reference that set Peter thinking. This was to the effect that Hal was very grateful to Bolton for getting his father to sign the document, and asking permission now to write old Mr. Tilton a frank letter of thanks. "I cannot understand," it continued, "why brother should object, as you say he does, to having the matter alluded to."

On the return journey to the camp, Peter was very thoughtful. He could not understand why Hal and Bolton should correspond, nor why Mr. Tilton should object to having so important a matter as his connection with the Patent Drill Company, alluded to in a perfectly private letter. He recalled to mind the words of Mr. Tilton when confronted with the lawyers, and the hesitation with which he accepted the signature as his own. Slowly a suspicion forced itself upon him that there was something crooked about the matter, and the thought of forgery, which had occurred to him before in connection with Hal, recurred to his mind, but now in connection with Bolton.

He said nothing of this to his companions, and when, a day or two later, they returned to Prankville with a large string of fish, the expedition was voted a thorough success, in which opinion Peter fully concurred.

The next day was the Queen's birthday, and the three decided to remain over to see the amusements that were to be indulged in.

(To be continued.)

"EVANGELINE."

(Continued from last issue.)

With the poet this must have been a secondary consideration, because he has confessedly stated, that his New England tragedies were written for the moral that they teach. And herein lies their strength and attractiveness. Who that has read the story of *Evangeline* has ever forgotten it? Who has not felt his deeper nature thrilled and elevated by its perusal, and does not the memory of it continue to be a purifying portion of the experiences of the heart.

The reader of this enchanting story must perforce enter into full sympathy with the beautiful heroine and her thrilling experiences. And this all the more, because of the intense reality with which the incidents of her fruitless wanderings are depicted. Scenes of primeval forest, prairie, and river are sketched with such a masterly and sympathetic hand, and in such a manner, as to be not only truly sublime in their description, but nature herself seems to be drawn into sympathy with the story, and to breathe a sweet sadness throughout, whether by the smiling pictures of the sunny lakes of the *Atchafalaya*, or the disconsolate wail of the vast forests of *Acadia*.

The probability of the course of conduct taken by *Evangeline* is to be questioned, and indeed it may not be too much to say that it is so over-wrought as to give the story an unreal aspect.

The pure, strong love of the maiden, which led her to seek persistently for her wandering lover, is an example of the steadfastness of the heart affections of a true woman. And so far, many heroines of a similar type are to be found, alike in the pages of history or in the daily walks of life. But the great force of her character, and the most exalting lesson to be drawn therefrom, is that of patient and uncomplaining submission to the Divine will. The heartrending scenes and bitter disappointment and sorrows which she underwent, instead of crushing out her life, proved to be cleansing fires, which consumed the dross of her natural affections and desires, and caused her to emerge therefrom purified and sanctified; with a mind mistrustful of earthly things and living in the unseen and eternal. The poet's own words here must be quoted, to picture the transforming influence her sorrows had upon her. Referring to her chastened love for *Gabriel*, he says:—

"So was her love diffused, but like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, tho' filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour."

And how closely her life became conformed to that of her Master, may be seen in her last utterance, as she pressed the lifeless head of the dead form of her lover to her bosom.

"Meekly she buried her own, and murmured, Father I thank thee."

Here the poet teaches a deeper lesson for man to learn than passive, uncomplaining submission to Providence—even thankfulness in the face of heart-rending sorrow and bereavement.

The story of *Evangeline* is an idyl of the heart, not only dear to the people of the American continent, on account of the master sketches of "new world"

scenery and early colonial life; but dear also to the English speaking race in a not much less degree on account of its endearing and elevating influences.

None of the other characters in the poem are feeble; indeed, they all stand out strong and clear and lifelike against the picturesque back ground, which throws them into greater relief. The jovial and placid nature of *Benedict Belfontaine*, the father of *Evangeline*; the impulsive *Basil*, the blacksmith; the village lawyer, and the faithful parish priest, are all characters which teach valuable lessons.

With regard to the rank of this poem amongst Mr. Longfellow's works, it must certainly take a very high place; perhaps, after *Hiawatha*, which is a purely national production, *Evangeline* takes the next position, and it, too, on account of its description of American scenery, will always remain closely identified with the literature proper of the American nation, and for that reason, in addition to its intrinsic value from a poetical stand-point, will bear the test of adverse criticism, and live and hold its own in the American world of letters.

Much has been said and written against the use of the hexameter in English verse, and yet who can deny the beauty and pliability of this measure in *Evangeline*. It flows naturally, and with rich melody from Mr. Longfellow's pen, and is not necessarily unwieldy and distasteful, as some writers would have us believe. Indeed, so adapted to all moods and forms of expression does it become in the hands of this poet, that if the poem were written in any other measure than this, much of its charm would be gone, at any rate for the general reader. It would be no longer "*Evangeline*." Could the dark eyes of that maiden be more vividly drawn than in the lines:—

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
way side.
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of
her tresses!"

Could nature be depicted with greater beauty than as follows:—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Many more delightful passages might be quoted, but it is unnecessary. Mr. Longfellow is particularly happy in his use of figures of speech, and deals them out with a lavish hand; always fresh and striking do they appear, and although many of them may be old, yet their beautiful setting makes them appear all the more attractive, because the reader recognizes them as old friends.

The true test of the success of any literary production is the manner of its reception by the public at large, and judged from this standpoint, the popularity of "*Evangeline*" places it in the first rank amongst recent poetical productions.

SOCIAL LIFE OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

The social life of Vassar is many-sided. In it are found all phases, from the formal meetings of the Philathetan Society, the Dickens, and Shakespeare Clubs, "Qui Vive" and "T. and M.," to the cosy and informal gatherings in the students' rooms.

Between these two extremes come the semi-monthly meetings of the three chapters of the Philaethean Society, Alpha, Beta and Delta, the entertainments of which are chiefly literary, dramatic and musical. Among the members of the different chapters there is any amount of rivalry, as each loyal Alphan, Betan and Deltan thinks it his duty to induce as many new students as possible to join his chapter. The popularity of a chapter differs greatly from year to year, owing largely to the number of upper classmen who belong to it, and who are able to get up interesting meetings. What may be the most popular chapter one year sinks to insignificance the next, when ten or fifteen seniors drop from its roll-call.

Four times a year, however, all rivalry is laid aside, when the whole Philaethean society comes together to witness a Hall Play.

A Phil., or Hall Play, as it is called, is one of the most interesting events in our social life.

There has always been an unusual amount of dramatic talent among the students, and each year some new "star" appears to fill the place of a departed senior, whose loss seemed irreparable. Each year, too, the standard of our Hall Plays is gradually rising. "The Private Secretary," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Merchant of Venice," have been well presented within the last two years. A committee is appointed to choose the play, to assign the parts, to attend the rehearsals, and to act as stage managers, and it seems but fair to our committees to say that admirable work is done in this direction.

Another general meeting of the Philaethean Society is held annually in December, and to this the students are allowed to invite any friends whom they choose. It is the anniversary of the founding of the society, and is celebrated by a lecture in the chapel, followed by a collation and dancing.

Another occasion on which the outside world is allowed a glimpse into our college life is Founder's Day, which is celebrated in May, in much the same way as Philaethean Day.

In no way is more encouragement given to the social life of the College, or more particularly of one class, than by the Senior Parlor. This is a room devoted exclusively to the use of the Seniors and their friends. It is beautifully furnished by the class, each member contributing some article of furniture, a picture, or a piece of bric-à-brac, and each year the result leads us to think that no improvement is possible. Yet each year the parlor is different from that of the preceding year, and more beautiful.

Besides the piano, which is a constant source of pleasure to the musical members of the class, our literary class-mates may find the daily papers and most of the leading periodicals in this attractive room.

By anyone who wishes to gain an insight into the social life of Vassar's more advanced students, a visit to the Senior Parlor should not be omitted.

S. G. CHESTER, '88.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

"Ye say their cone-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale ;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore ;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

—Mrs. Sigourney.

A few suns more, and the Indian will live only in history. A few cycles, and that history will be coloured with the mellow, romantic light in which Time robes the past, and contrasted with the then present wealth and splendour of the country, may seem so improbable as to elicit from the historian a philosophic doubt of its authenticity. The period may even arrive when the same uncertainty which hangs over the heroic days of every people may attend its records, and the stirring deeds of the battle field and council-fire may be regarded as attractive fictions, or, at the best, as beautiful exaggerations.

This is but in the nature of things. Actions always lose their reality and distinctness in the perspective of ages ; time is their charnel-house, and no memorials are so likely to be forgotten as those of conquered nations. Of the Angles and Saxons little more than a name has survived, and the Indian may meet no better fate. Even though our own history is enveloped in theirs, it is somewhat to be feared that, from neglect, the valuable cover will be suffered to decay, and care be bestowed on the more precious contents. "Be it so," exclaim some ; "what pleasure or profit is to be derived from the remembrance?" Let the wild legends be forgotten. They are but exhibitions of savage life teeming with disgusting excess and brutal passion. They portray man in no interesting light, for with every redeeming trait, there rises some revolting characteristic in horrid contrast. Was he grateful? So was his revenge bloody. Was he brave? So was he treacherous. Was he generous? So was he crafty and cruel.

But a more philosophic mind would say, No! he presents a part of the panorama of humanity, and his extermination is an embodiment of a great principle—the retreat of the children of the wilderness before the wave of civilization ; hence arises a deep interest in his fortune which should induce us to preserve, carefully and faithfully, the most trifling record of his greatness or his degradation. At a time when barbarous nations elsewhere had lost their primitive purity, we find him the only true child of nature—the best specimen of man in his native simplicity. We should remember him as a study of "human nature ;" as an instance of a strange mixture of good and evil passions. We perceive in him fine emotions of feeling and delicacy and unrestrained systematic cruelty, grandeur of spirit and hypocritical cunning, genuine courage and fiendish treachery. He was like some beautiful spar, part of which is regular, clear and sparkling, while a portion, impregnated with clay, is dark and forbidding.

But above all, as being an engrossing subject, as

coming to us as the only relic of the literature of the aborigines, and the most perfect emblem of their character, their glory and their intellect, we should cherish the remains of their oratory. In these we see developed the motives which animated their actions, and the light and shadows of their very soul. The iron encasement of apparent apathy in which the savage had fortified himself, impenetrable at ordinary moments, is laid aside in the council room. The genius of eloquence burst the swathing bands of custom, and the Indian stands forth accessible, natural and legible. We commune with him, listen to his complaints, understand, appreciate, and even feel his injuries.

As Indian eloquence is a key to the character, so is it a noble monument of their literature. Oratory seldom finds a more auspicious field. A wild people, and region of thought, forbade feebleness; uncultivated, but intelligent and sensitive, a purity of idea chastely combined with energy of expression, ready fluency and imagery how exquisitely delicate, now soaring to the sublime; all united to rival the efforts of any ancient or modern orator.

What can be imagined more impressive than a warrior rising in council to address those who bore the same scarred marks of their title to fame and the chieftanship? The dignified stature, the easy repose of limbs, the graceful gesture, the dark speaking eye, excite equal admiration and expectation. We would anticipate eloquence from an Indian. He has animating remembrances—a poverty of language, which exacts rich and apposite metaphorical allusions, even for ordinary conversation—a mind which, like his body, has never been trammelled and mechanised by the formalities of society, and passions which, from the very outward restraint imposed upon them, burnt more fiercely within. There is a mine of truth in the reply of Red Jacket, when called a warrior. “A warrior!” said he, “I am an *orator*. I was *born* an orator.”

There are not many speeches remaining on record, but even in this small number there is such a rich yet varied view of all the characteristics of true eloquence, that we even rise from their perusal with regret that so few have been preserved. Nowhere can be found a poetic thought clothed in more captivating simplicity of expression than in the answer of Tecumseh to Governor Harrison, in the conference at Vincennes. It contains a high moral rebuke, and a sarcasm heightened in effect by an evident consciousness of loftiness above the reach of insult. At the close of his address he found that no chair had been placed for him, a neglect which Governor Harrison ordered to be remedied as soon as discovered. Suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than a mistake, with an air of dignity, elevated almost to haughtiness, he declined the seat, proffered with the words, “Your father requests you to take a chair,” and answered, as he calmly disposed himself upon the ground: “My father!” The sun is my father and the earth is my mother. *I will repose upon her bosom.*”

As they excelled in the beautiful, so also they possessed a nice sense of the ridiculous. There is a

clever strain of irony, united with the sharpest taunt, in the speech of Garangula to De la Barre, the Governor of Canada, when that crafty Frenchman met his tribe in council for the purpose of obtaining peace and reparation for past injuries. The European attempted to overawe the savage by threats, which he well knew he had not the power to execute. Garangula, who was also well aware of the weakness, replied, “Yonondia, you must have believed, when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests which render our country inaccessible to the French, or that the lakes had so overflowed their banks that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, surely you must have dreamed so, and *curiosity* to see so great a wonder has brought you so far. Hear, Yonondia! Our *women* had taken their clubs, our *children* and *old men* had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our *warriors* had not disarmed them and kept them back, when your messenger came to our castle.”

Qo.

JOHN BURROUGHS' “FRESH FIELDS.”

“The most intimate and sympathetic interpreter of nature since Thoreau.” So runs a recent notice of John Burroughs. At the first glance it seemed odd to me that Burroughs should be classed with Thoreau. I thought of Thoreau the philosopher rather than Thoreau the naturalist; but the next minute I remembered his close acquaintance with the world of nature, or at least that part of it within walking reach of his famous Walden, whose rippling surface and stony shore seemed part and parcel of his very existence. Still there seems a wide difference between the two men. Burroughs is full of an intensely human sympathy that you miss in Thoreau. The Concord hermit may give you the philosophy of nature, but the writer of *Fresh Fields* and *Winter Sunshine* gives you her sweetest poetry.

For one who has been sated with sensational literature, or wearied with “hard” reading, I can imagine no more grateful, refreshing task than a walk with John Burroughs through *Fresh Fields*. He can talk without tiring you, for whole pages at a time, of green grass and sweet flowers, of the robin's song, and the wren's nest, of the sting of a nettle and the petals of a pond lily, his delicate touch adding beauty to each theme. When he devotes a whole chapter to a hunt for the nightingale, you cannot fail to follow every step with eager interest, and are conscious of a feeling of genuine disappointment when the end is reached, and no nightingale has been found. He is the gentlest of guides, and leads you on over hill and valley, by sea and stream, at an easy, restful pace. You are pleased and refreshed, never wearied or offended, unless, indeed, you take exception to his Carlyle-worship, which crops up everywhere.

In short, as some one has felicitously said, “*Fresh Fields* is like a drink of spring water on a hot summer day.”

Montreal.

FRIT.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

THE POWER OF PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Low drooping o'er my care this afternoon,
 With downward aspect, sombre as the air
 That slept around me, echoes of despair
 Passed through my thoughts, and put them out of time,
 Strong hope, of man the blessing and the dower,
 With the calm will to fashion dreams, which rose
 Instinct with mental splendour and repose,
 Seemed shorn of their consolatory power.
 Thus, as I sat, with melancholy face,
 Resisting sadness with a faint endeavour,
 "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"—
 That verse of mirth melody and grace,
 Flashed through my darkened spirit, like the smile
 Of sudden sunlight o'er a solemn pile.

As from her trance upleaps the joyous Spring,
 Like a young virgin on her bridal morn,
 Flushed with expanding glories newly born,
 While earth and air with merry greeting ring,
 And Nature, strengthened by her rest, is rife
 With fascinating purity and gladness:—
 So did my fancy, from its days of sadness,
 Start into active and delightful life.
 Straightway I stood amid the classic glooms
 Flung from the lavish pencil of young Keats,—
 Realms of immortal shapes, of mingled sweets,
 Uncloying music, and unfading blooms,
 The shadows of creation, which the boy
 Nursed in his soul, and watched with silent joy.

Not one, but legion, were the forms and places,
 Laughing and lovely, solemn and serene,
 Which came with all their wonders and their graces,
 From Memory's treasure-halls where they had been
 Hoarded with miser passion. Spenser's sheen,
 And grandeur of romance; great Shakespeare's muse,
 That holds all human sympathies between
 The folding of her pinion so; Milton's hues
 Stolen from the deathless amaranths of Heaven
 And woven in his own seraphic song,—
 These to my wakened faculties were given,
 An ever-shifting, ever-pleasing thing;
 Until I stood enraptured, and alone,
 In a strange world of beauty, boundless, and my own.

QUEVEDO.

McGill News.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting was held on Thursday, 8th March, at 4 p.m., the subject of debate being, "Does National Character descend from Age to Age?" Miss McLea was leader of the affirmative, Miss Hall of the negative. Owing to the absence of Miss Smith and Miss Power, the former through illness, Misses Murray and Abbott were elected by ballot to fill their places. It was noticed that those who spoke without preparation were almost as fluent as the appointed debaters. The vote was in favour of the negative. Misses Reid and J. Botterell gave entertaining readings, and after an interesting general discussion, the meeting adjourned.

THE THEO DORA.

On Tuesday, March 6th, the members of this Society met to consider the progress of Missions in Africa. An admirable paper was read by Miss Derrick, the President, on "Africa;" the other essays being "The Women of Africa," by Miss McFarlane, and "The Life of Bishop Hannington," by Miss J. Botterell. Readings were given by Misses Bailie and Mattice. Among the several foreign mission fields about which

the members of the Theo Dora have read and written, Africa is perhaps the one in which the greatest perils and difficulties are to be encountered. This fact, and the veil of mystery which envelopes the "Dark Continent," served only to increase the interest evinced by our missionary students in the meeting, which was pronounced one of the most successful that had yet been held.

Societies.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of this society was held on the 16th of March, when Dr. Murray addressed the students on the relations existing between such societies and the university. He began by discussing the functions of the university education, and how it is manifested to the receptive and active conditions of mind. The plea of conservative educationists is that the old systems appeal to the active phase and that in science teaching the receptive capacities alone are deepened. This is true, if science consists merely in facts; but if one goes into the field, with box and hammer, and solves the problem locked up in flower and stone, he has means of intellectual culture as potent as if he were investigating the abstractions of astrology or heraldry. Special stress was laid upon orderly thinking, and as a means towards this, writing was encouraged. The exaggerated advice of Jean Paul Richter was endorsed to some extent that "30 years of reading do not equal six months writing." The whole tone of this introduction was the importance of encouraging the intellectual activities. The rest of the lecture was a fine plea to the students for a recognition of the high responsibility devolving upon them in virtue of their manhood.

In the old schools, disputations were held as a part of the course; in these days literary societies take their place, the students themselves assuming the responsibility. The doctor confessed that even though he had studied under men of European reputation he had received more benefit from societies, in the culture obtained by readiness in thought, arranging ideas, quickly seeing a falsity, and coming in contact and conflict with fellowmen. But another value is in the responsibility they create, and this should be encouraged in every university. In the schools of Plato and Aristotle the discipline was entirely in the hands of students. At Bologna, even, the fees were fixed by students, and the patronage was largely in their hands; they elected professors and agreed with "masters" and "doctors," as to the value of their services. This system holds even yet in some Scotch universities; "stint masters" assess the fees, censors keep the roll book, one-third of the corporation is appointed, and the Lord Rector declared by the students. How faithfully they discharge their task is seen in the fact that no man, however great, can receive a more coveted position than Lord Rector. In many colleges secret societies have sprung up, and have acquired an influence that should be shared by all. A college is not a school. Men should have thrown upon them the

charge of their conduct and study, and allowed the liberty of shaping their course and avoiding uncongenial subjects. Societies tend to do this, to develop respect for orderly government and constitutional procedure, to influence opinion by an appeal to reason and conscience, to form tendencies which will grow into the widest political habit, the only safeguard against political adventurers among a free people.

The students expressed their thanks, and took leave of Dr. Murray amid an uproar of cheering. The closing exercises were then begun; votes of thanks were conveyed to the retiring president, J. A. MacPhail, and officers; members of the class of '88 committed the society in feeling words to the loving care of the junior years; among the speakers were Pedley, McCallum, Massé, Bryson, Truelle, Le Rossignol, Day, Deeks, Garth, Topp, B.A.

Sporting.

The hockey season has just come to a close, and has been rather unsuccessful for McGill. It is hardly fair to attribute the cause to inferior ability among the men. Mr. Shanks is without doubt the finest goal keeper in any of the city clubs, two of which, in the early part of the season, were earnestly seeking after his services. Mr. Wm. Hamilton, seeing the College club in difficulty, although very hard pressed for time, again donned his skates in the interest of the sports of his Alma Mater.

Captain Lucas has also worked very hard for his team. The office of captaining a losing team is by no means an enviable position, entailing the expenditure of a lot of time.

Any of these men would be worthy of the best club in the city, but chose rather not to prosper at the expense of their college. This is the spirit we would like to see influencing the actions of every McGill student.

The club has to work against many difficulties; for instance, last season the team started out with new men who worked hard, and the end of the winter found them in good condition and playing well together. This season two of those men present themselves upon the ice, and the rest of the team are to be picked from the ranks of the hockey freshmen. At the close of this winter the boys are playing much better together; and so, from year to year the same thing occurs over and over again. Now, what has become of these men? They are mostly busily engaged in their work, and assert that they cannot afford the time to play hockey.

The truth is, if the matter were better understood, almost every student, no matter how busily employed, could engage most advantageously in some sport, both physically and hence mentally, and why should this sport not be hockey? It is lively and bracing, requiring pluck and daring, and calls forth all the manliness there is in a man. And the time that hockey calls for is but a very small fraction of the time spent in idleness.

We will venture to say that out of the 500 students attending lectures in McGill a team could be formed which could virtually wipe out any team in the

Dominion. And why should we not? As it is, the reputation of the college is left to a few plucky men who, like little David of old, go out to do battle with the giants.

Again, the club experienced difficulty in arranging a practice hour to suit all its members. Those of the medical faculty found the hours very unsatisfactory, usually conflicting with their lectures, and although a few considered the practice the more important of the two, yet it is hardly just to expect a man to slope his lecture in order to be present at a practice. Thus a team practice, so needful to the success of any club, is a rare thing with the McGill hockey players. It will thus be seen that our men have been playing against heavy odds, and deserve more of our praise than if they had been successful in all their matches. It is an easy thing to find men by the score who are willing to shoulder their stick and their skates and tramp through sleet and slush to every practice if the prospects of winning are bright and on their side, but men who will go on the ice with nothing but the certainty of defeat staring them in the face, rather than to allow an old college institution to fall through, are grit to the backbone.

Personals.

"Jim" Pedley, '84, was married the other day at Georgetown, Ont. May it never occur again.

Dr. J. H. Darey, M.A., M.D., is practising in Granger, Minn., having removed there from Cresco, Ia.

Dr. C. J. Edgar, '87, is practising at Inverness, Que. A local paper of that place speaks in high terms of the Doctor.

John P. Gerrie, Arts, '87, has received and accepted a call to become pastor of Stratford, Ont., Congregational Church.

We heard from Goff, late of Arts, '88, the other day. He is doing well, and wishes to exchange phisogs. with the graduating boys.

A. H. Urquhart Colquhoun, '85, (the phonetic) graduated from the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE to the Toronto *Empire*. Ah, brethren! what are before we?

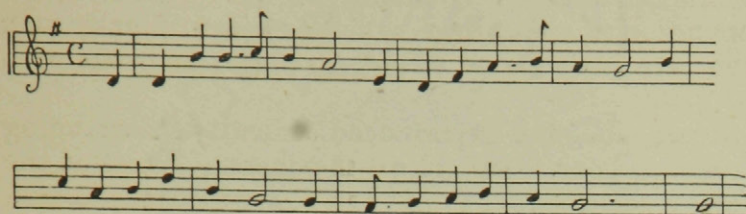
Exchanges.

A very welcome visitor is *The Atlantis*. The literary character of the article on Geoffrey Chaucer is very good. We would advise dropping the tobacco advertisements now found at bottom of each page.

Bright and chatty, *The Sunbeam* comes. An article entitled "Patience on a Monument" draws attention to the fact that the energy of advertisers has spoiled much of the natural scenery of our country by odious invitations to buy only "T & B Myrtle Navy" or "Use Wistar's lung Balsam." Sentiment departs when the bill-stickers appear.

We have received the following:—*University Monthly*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Bates College Student*, *The Tuftonian*, *The Portfolio*.

STUDENT'S REMINISCENCES.



I.

Oh! don't you love the noises
We heard when we were boyes?
The tied-up watch dog baying,
To the silver moon is saying:
*Boo—woo—woo!

II.

From pussy-cats mi—ewing
I fear a fight is brewing;
Their eyes with fire are lighting;
Ah! listen to them fighting:
Row row row—mi—e—a—h ou.

III.

Now bright Aurora peeping
Is o'er the mountain creeping,
And this the cocks are showing,
So cheerily they're crowing:
Uh—uh—uh—uh—eh.

IV.

The sun is rising brightly,
And all the world seems sprightly;
The hens around the stack'll
Quite soon begin to cackle:
Tuc—tuc—tuc—tuc—te—cah-cah.

V.

There is no fowl that's nobler
Than the old-time turkey gobbler;
As round he struts so proudly,
His cry is ringing loudly:
Beloobeloobeloobeloobeloobeloobloo.

VI.

Far over in the meadow
The calf not lately fed, oh!
Is to its mother calling,
And piteously bawling—
Ba—w, ba—w.

VII.

Thus we recall the noises
We heard when we were boyes;
And though you are not near them
We'd like to let you hear them:
Full chorus.

*Chorus for this verse and the others pretty much *ad lib.*

College News.

There are 365 colleges in the U. S.

Harvard received almost \$1,000,000 last year.

George Bancroft, the historian, is one of four survivors of the class of 1817 of Harvard.

Amherst has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Prof. Drummond of Edinburgh University.

There is an advance of five per cent. in college attendance in the United States this year.

Volapuk, the universal language, was invented eight years ago by the Rev. C. Schleyer, a German priest.

Columbia has abolished the marking system and the students are now striving to have attendance at Chapel made voluntary.

Since 1860 one-third of the Colleges in the United States have expended over \$1,000,000 in providing physical training.

The Freshmen and Sophomores of McGill College had a fight during a lecture, as to which class should have the front seats.—*Cornell Era*.

A class of over one hundred are taking Loissette's system of memory training, or 'shorthand of the mind,' at the University of Michigan.

The Sophomores of a Western College have got themselves into trouble by painting all over the seats devoted to the Freshmen, "Just for greens."

Dr. Sargent has offered \$1,600 in prizes to persons of either sex who will approach the nearest to perfect physical development. The offer remains open until June 1, 1899.

A professor in Montreal has set himself to work and has now mastered twelve languages, and yet we don't imagine he dares to open his mouth when his wife wants to know why he stayed out so late.—*Bowmanville Sun*.

The height of absurdity in the honorary-degree-conferring craze has been reached in the case of U. S. Secretary of State Bayard. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred on him successively by Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth!

The graduating class in the Presbyterian College of this city, is well filled this year, numbering some twelve or thirteen members. Six of these are taking the honor course, with the view of proceeding to the degree of B.D. in course.

The Methodist Church of Canada has at present eight of its ministers, graduates of Victoria University, engaged in educational and missionary work in Japan. On Monday, January 23rd, Rev. Eber Crummy, B.A., B.Sc., left Ottawa for Tokio, Japan.

Yale and Harvard have each a revenue of \$18,000 from athletics. The Hemenway gymnasium at Harvard cost \$110,000; Yale's, \$125,000; Amherst's, \$65,000; Columbia's, \$156,000; Leigh's, \$40,000; Princeton's, \$40,000; Cornell's, \$40,000; Dartmouth's, \$25,000; William's, \$80,000.

Principal Anderson, of Prince of Wales College, P. E. I., has recently received the honorary degree of LL.D. from McGill College, Montreal. Dr. Anderson's well-known scholarly attainments and his valuable service as an educationist, merit the mark of appreciation by which McGill has honored itself in honoring him.—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

Maria Mitchell, the celebrated Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, is seventy years of age. She is the discoverer of eight comets, the discovery of one of which gained her a gold medal from the King of Denmark, and it is said that when she was a girl of eleven she made an accurate record of a lunar eclipse. She has received the degree of LL.D., from three different institutions.

A Methodist College is being built in Winnipeg which is expected to be opened early next year. The system of higher education in Manitoba is much like our prospective Confederation scheme in Ontario.

There are already three colleges in Winnipeg, whose degree conferring power is vested in a council of examiners, consisting of an equal number of professors from each college. The three colleges already there are the French, the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian. In each of these there are from fifty to seventy-five students and five or six professors.

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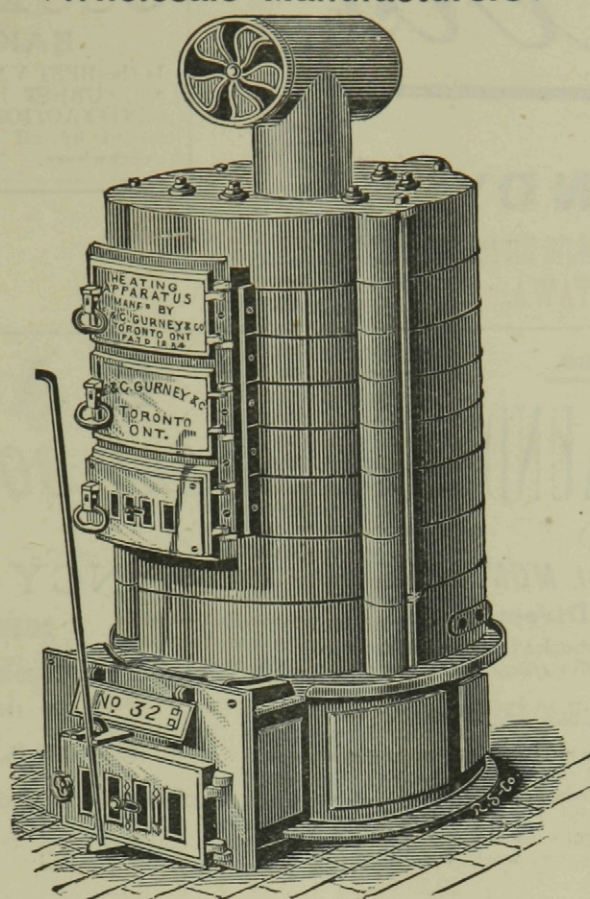
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